







## Miscellaneous Department.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

### LINES TO THE MEMORY OF ELLIS GRAY LORING.

BY M. L. MARIA CHILD.

Only the good is to be loved,  
And that was loved while he lived;  
Our love is still, though he is dead;

The memory so dear.

And if we fondly now recall  
The beauty of his looks,

It is the smile whose warmth gleamed  
From lips that knew no weariness.

Only the true are trusted well;

And all men trusted them;

They were the good boat-

Through many a drifting sea.

Their deer foot never went beyond  
The wood where silence spake;

And a soft wind, like a secret,

Was any promise broken.

Serene and tender in their home,  
Calm like, and wise always,

They knew their secret those

Who knew their every day.

O steadfast friend! the hand of need

Had proved thy priceless worth;

Thy love had won me years,

There's no such friend on earth.

The thoughtful mind, from year to year,

Had in its treasures stored;

The most perfect soul, the purest soul,

They honored them the more.

But then went greats in higher ways

Than bold and daring souls;

Their names are gone, their voices

Miles eloquence of speech.

For every principle of right

That were truly brave,

Their cause was noble, their cause of thee

It's playing, or it's sway.

Or all good gifts that hold large share,

So bountiful in degree;

They were given in due time,

That moves in harmony.

The spoken word and deed

Have helped the world to grow;

And still do, though they are gone.

For seeds that did sow,

And thus art immortal here,

As in the realms above;

For God's eternity is given

To immortality and love.

### THE CACTUS.

For The Standard.

There was once a very beautiful garden, wherein were gathered trees and flowers from all parts of the world. There were the waving palms and the slender mimoses; there were the still pine woods, where the feet of the little children fell noiselessly on the carpet of fallen leaves, and the breezes sighed and whispered among the boughs. There were stately oaks of acorns and chestnuts, and verdant lawns crossed by rippling brooks and bounded over by herds of swift-footed deer, and a placid lake, on whose bosom rested bright green islets, and whose waters were gemmed with the white stars of the water-lily, and which washed the shore—

"Edging in green vine-wine wave,  
And with a hundred twigs to lay."

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There were asters from flowers from all climes. In the partings were broad geraniacs, in the midst of which fountains leapt and sparkled in the sun-light or the soft beams of the full moon. There were arbores overgrown with vines, and tall laburnums hung their golden chains, while the white magnolias shone out from the dark green leaves. The humming-birds and the butterflies hovered over the place, darting from flower to flower, and the birds filled the air with their delicate music.

There were the lilies—the fierce tiger-lily and the pure white, and sweetest, fairest, the

"We flower'd of the valley, will blossoms o' snow."

Here heliotropes breathed forth their sweetest incense, and panies brought their brightest thoughts, while the modest blue-forget-me-nots smiled up at the heavens. Side by side grew, and were loved and tended, the blue harebell and heather of homie Scotland, the English rose, the Dutch tulip, and the fleur-de-lis of France.

But in truth the roses were the pride of the garden, and around them, queen, a mass-rose of perfect beauty, bloomed the Burgundy and the Provence, the pilgrims from the vale of Cashmere, the English sweetbrier and the stranger from our Western prairie.

One day the gardener and one of his assistants came into the pasture, bringing a plant which presented a most unapt appearance.

"Here," said the gardener, "we'll put it near our queen rose. It is a new subject from far off Africa; I trust it will have a kindly welcome."

But the flowers cast scornful glances on the poor stranger, and indeed it was not fair to look upon. It resembled long green sticks of a triangular shape, and was covered with reddish hairs. "Hump!" said a tall princess-feather, "how rough and vulgar the creature looks!" "Poor ignorant thing," sneered the poisonous monk's-hood—"entirely destitute of religious instruction, doubtless." "What a low, cowardly creature," blustered the gladiolus, and held its lance-shaped leaves more stiffly and gave its helmeted head a prouder toss. The tulips stared and the poppies grew red with anger, while the hollyhocks and the stately lilies drew themselves up in disdain, and the roses threw up their branches in horrid contempt.

But the magnolias and the violet smiled on the poor stranger, and the hollyhock gave him a merry nod, while a study wild rose of New England stood up manfully and vowed it was a sin and shame to treat a fellow-flower in that way. Whereupon the monk's-hood declared him an atheist, and a traitor, who would destroy all religion and overthrow the foundations of society.

Day after day passed by, and many were the insults which the Cactus bore in meekness and humility, which at length won the hearts of some of the flowers who lost sight of the dark and ugly outside in the thought that it was a creature of the same family as themselves, smiled on by the same sun, breathing the same air, and looking up with love and gratitude to the same Heavenly Father. And now the hot July sun glowed upon the garden, and the rose-leaves began to fall and the stately lilies dropped.

One day the gardener came to look at the cactus, and he said, "Ah! it is budded; ere long it will be a mass of blossoms."

And the flowers all laughed and said, "How can flowers grow on that ugly stalk?"

And so time wore on, and all the length of the stems were swelling buds, not fair and graceful like the opening fuschia, or bright and lovely like the rosebud, but stiff and straight, winning no admiration from those around.

But the violet said, "Wait awhile—the flower may be better than the bud"; and the wild rose spoke bravely in its behalf.

One starlight night, the Angel of the Flowers passed through the sleeping garden. Myriads of fireflies were glancing among the trees, and on a bank of violets the glow-worms lit their tiny lamps. Upon the moist rose earth lay some seedlings, singing their sweet, sad song. All the flowers dropped their heads in slumber but the marigolds, who were sending up the "lively" marigold basins, and the stances of nymphs and goddesses gleamed still and white from the dark foliage. The angel stood beside the cactus and breathed upon its swelling buds. Slowly they unfolded, and when the glad sunlight streaming up from the glowing east, sending a flood of light on the quiet garden, making the dew-drops sparkle on the leaves and grass, and rousing the birds to sing their matin hymns, it shone upon the perfect flowers. One after the flowers opened their lids and gazed upon them, and their eyes were all bent upon the despoiled cactus. Its ugly stems beat beneath the weight of the glorious flowers. They were large and spreading, the petals pointed and of a glowing red, darkening toward the centre, which was a vivid green. The stamens hung beyond the edge of the corolla and formed a tassel of surpassing grace. And as the fading monk's-hood and the falling lilies, and the roses that every breeze was strewing on the ground, belied the glory of the despoiled and rejected thus made evident—when they saw that while their own strength and splendor were passing away, their newer strength and richer beauty were unfolding—they bowed their heads in humiliation and shame.

And as the Flower-Angel floated upward in the serene light of the early morning, she softly whispered, "Oh! my flowers, my charges, equal dear ye are, of all, what? everone, he, of whatsoever clime. Ye are all of the same

race, the same family, with one common God and Father. Brothers and sisters in nature, be ye also in love and kindness."

### C R A G G Y - F A S T.

We have lived so long, my brother Frank and I, in the grand hill-country of the north that its great granite walls have long seemed to be held by us in awe; but when I looked again, he was in a position of some slight fear, as there was between him and me; he rounded the point before him, and a cry of gladness assured me that he had found Harry, and a clambered back again to the track. "I am safe," he said, "but are no more threatening than their slopes of pasture-land, and woods that stand down to the margin of the forest; and when I was here before, we were not held fast, or to the blinding of my poor brother. Frank's voice came up from the abyss, and somewhat calm, but with a certain fear, as though he had been in trouble. "I am safe," he said, "but are no more threatening than their slopes of pasture-land, and woods that stand down to the margin of the forest; and when I was here before, we were not held fast, or to the blinding of my poor brother. 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